ABILENE REFLECTOR

—PUBLISHED BY—

L. H. LITTS & CO.

THE RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

Entertaining and Romantic Story from Real Life.

[ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF MME. ELISE POLKE.]

BY MRS. FRANCES A. SHAW.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Desiree begged permission to leave at once, and dispatched a note to the Russian doctor asking the hospitality of his house for the few days prior to her return to Paris.

With this letter in his hand, the doctor sought Marianne, requesting her to go in person and invite Mlle. Duvois. "I knew this young girl's mother as a child," he added. "She loses her place on my account, and I feel that she has claims upon me."

"I have nothing against her coming if she does not stay too long," answered Marianne. "In any event you are master of your own house. I hope I shall like the girl."

"I am sure of that. She resembles her sunny-tempered mother, and will be a genial element in our house during the long, dreary winter, if we can only manage to keep her with us until spring. My medical work will occupy most of my time, and you will need some companion."

"Not one of this sort," replied Marianne, "French women are frivolous and coquettish, and few of them can endure a well-ordered household. If this young girl wants to help me, I will give her a trial, though I know she will only hinder. I will go and invite her, I want to see the much-praised furniture of those airy city people. I would like to show the mistress of that house that other folks have just as good a right as she to look down upon their neighbors. The idea of her imagining she can snub *you!*"

Marianne gave her head a toss and flounced out of the room to make a careful toilet for the proposed visit. But she did not create the desired impression. The mistress of the villa did not appear. She deigned no excuse save that she was not at home to visitors. Marianne tried to vent her spite against the mistress by showing great sympathy for the governess, and inviting her in the most urgent manner to the doctor's house. She went that very evening, and was installed in the "garden chamber," once occupied by her mother.

The next morning her silvery laugh penetrated to the study, and Arnim involuntarily laid aside his pen. The very voice and laugh of Hortense! What a novel, precious, refreshing sound in that silent house! Arnim listened and felt that he should work all the better for this laugh. Bird-songs and flower-perfumes were pleasant things. It was delightful to hear some music other than the jingling of Marianne's keys, some tones different from those severe ones in which she lectured the servants, or her plaintive wailings over the high price of provisions and the inefficiency of Kathe and Ivan.

Desiree gave the conversation another turn. For the first time in Arnim's bachelor life a young girl formed part of his domestic establishment. "She will bother you to death," Marianne had prophesied. "She will turn the house upside down. These young girls are always leaving their things about. They never put any thing back in the right place. I only hope you may not repent your kindness."

Could a fresh rosebud disarrange these rooms? Desiree seemed to fill the old house with that sweetest of aromas—the rosy perfume of youth. While Arnim showed her every place over which the feet of Hortense had tripped in those dear old days, while he pointed out to her in forest and garden the familiar trees whose boughs had rustled over that sunny head, a tide of youth seemed to course through his own veins. With deep emotion he received from Desiree's hands her mother's German exercise book and his own copy of the Eichendorf poem. At last, as in a dream, he held in his hands the ball which in so untoward a manner had led to their acquaintanceship. This poor object existed still; but where was she, the bright, joyous creature, his first and only love?

Desiree told him how her father, through ill-luck and the treachery of others, had lost his own fortune and that of her grandfather. Some inadvertent hints satisfied the doctor that Hortense had married a gambler whose career had ended in suicide.

With tearful eyes the young girl dwelt upon her mother, and the life, happy in spite of all its trials, they had passed together. With bated breath she described the slow dying-out of that always fragile existence—of the great transfigured eyes, of the final falling asleep, which had been painless

THE SELF-SAME BALL.

as that of a tired child in its mother's arms. Her mother had cherished one dream to the last—that of return to Germany and to the forest house. She had told her child much of Arnim Elbthal and of those happy days when she had been his pupil. Then came for Desiree that loveless, joyless sojourn among strangers—first under the roof of a distant relative of her father, a stern man who considered the homeless orphan a burden, and ere long sent her to the cloister of the Sacred Heart, where she might fit herself for her future vocation of governess.

This one year had been to her as an oasis in the desert—a brief rest in a flowery garden, an asylum of peace and love. The bitterest tears she had shed since her mother's death had fallen at parting with the pious sisters. When placed by her relative as governess in the house of the wealthy merchant she was ill from homesickness for the silent cloister. Ere long the exacting duties of her position had left no time for unavailing regrets and tears.

"I was not fitted for the place," she said. "I soon found that I had much, very much, to learn. Doctor Elbthal, if you would make me happy, give me some instruction during these days I remain with you. You will not have to complain of any lack of industry in your pupil."

More than delighted to become the young girl's tutor, Arnim drew up a programme of study which was strictly adhered to on both sides. Marianne was in raptures at an arrangement which would keep the young thing busy and relieve her of the hapless task of initiating a French girl into the mysteries of an art in which only German women were fitted to excel.

Desiree grew happier day by day, and ere long reveled in the natural joyousness of youth. She blossomed out like a flower that has found its native soil. A sunbeam had entered the doctor's house. It must be coaxed to remain and brighten the coming winter. Brief as had been its stay under his roof, Arnim felt that without its presence, life would be desolate. He grew restless if for a little time he missed the young girl's light step flitting past his door—if the soft, rythmed melody of her voice ceased for the moment to penetrate his study.

CHAPTER III.

DESIREE introduced now and then some pleasant little innovation into the immaculate primness of the vine-wreathed house. With Ivan, always her faithful ally, she foraged the gardens of the town for plants in full leaf and blossom, and with them adorned the doctor's study. "The place where one works ought to be bright and cheerful," she said. "Now that winter is near, we must have a memory of the summer and a prophecy of the spring."

Arnim awaited with impatience the hour for lessons when she would come bounding into his study. What stolen glances he would cast at her over his manuscript! How full of grace and charm was her every movement, how in every word and action she reminded him of Hortense! Some times it seemed to him as if he were again a youth who must look up his school-books and rush out into the forest.

When Desiree had vanished, he would laugh at his infatuation, and gazing into the mirror say, derisively:

"Foolish graybeard, throw these flowers out of the window and close your door! Marianne is right, this young girl disquets you."

And yet he would rather throw wide open the door to admit among his old folios this gleam of youthful brightness, this refreshing breath of spring.

Marianne frowned upon this in-door flower planting which soiled the window-ledges and made extra work. But as Desiree took all the work upon herself, and Ivan stood by to wipe away every water-stain, she only shrugged her shoulders. As for Ivan, every thing Desiree did enchanted him; he followed her about like a faithful hound.

The relations between the two women were tolerable, though without warmth on either side. Thanks to the cloister sisters, Desiree was very skillful with her needle. She was also industrious and showed great taste in all matters of dress. Marianne utilized this taste and skill in many ways. She was learning to speak French so elegantly that she concluded not to send Desiree away before spring.

Arnim proved a model teacher. He found delight in this daily concern with intellectual things, with truth, science and beauty. His pupil's ardor and ready comprehension animated him, and she in turn looked up to him with gratitude and admiration. She hungered and thirsted for knowledge, and the lesson hour became to both the happiest of the day.

"When spring comes we will pursue our studies in the open air," said the doctor. "I shall not let you go until you are thoroughly grounded in all you need to learn."

Desiree was silent, but her beaming eyes expressed her delight in the prospect of a longer stay.

"May I not call you uncle?" she asked one day with many blushes. "My mother was dear to you and you are the best friend I have in the world."

"I shall always remain your true friend my child," said the doctor, pressing her hand. Hortense's daughter must not address me as a stranger. Certainly you may call me "uncle'"

"But I need not call Marianne aunt?" she said, anxiously. "I fear I can not."

"O, Marianne would be the last one to wish it," he answered, laughing.

Marianne was surprised at the new mode of address, yet she thought it quite proper. "Desiree is a child," she said, "and must be treated as such. I am willing to have her remain here through the winter. She cheers you up, cousin, and is a sort of plaything for you. You men need to be amused."

He had become remarkably cheerful, this grave Russian doctor—he was in fact almost jovial. He passed much less time in his study, he took long walks with Desiree while Marianne indulged in her favorite social dissipation—an afternoon coffee. In spite of the wintry weather, they walked mostly in the forest. Marianne, when invited by her cousin to accompany him anywhere, drove him to desperation by her slow and elaborate preparations, but Desiree, quickly equipped as a soldier on the march, would be ready in a moment.

Evenings the doctor often read aloud, finding in Desiree the most interested of listeners. While Marianne was always interrupting with irrelevant questions and remarks, Desiree would now and then let her work fall and gaze silent and intent into his face. To Arnim the glance of those eyes was more eloquent than words. Still, when he closed the book, it was a delight to listen to the young girl's lively remarks and comments, to answer her questions. The more charming the conversation, the more sure it was to be speedily ended by Marianne's peevish, authoritative announcement that it was time for bed.

While a serious reading of the classics formed a part of the course of study, there was also time for much fugitive poetry and romance. It seemed to the doctor as if, in taking into his hands the guidance and development of this youthful mind, he had found his life-work.

The winter passed like a dream. Gradually Desiree mastered those little household tasks which concerned Arnim's personal comfort, and which Marianne, in her many cares, either forgot or performed irregularly. She prepared his morning and evening coffee, arranged his study table, hunted up the gloves which Ivan mislaid, thinking them entirely useless. Marianne had never taken into account her cousin's little peculiarities and bachelor ways. Desiree found them out and humored them.

Marianne's care for him was like every thing else she did, in accordance with a fixed system, changeless as the laws of the Medes and Persians. She wanted him to regard her as a model housekeeper—to set her very high and at last find her indispensable. Her reward would come upon that day when he asked her to be his housekeeper for life. His hour must strike sooner or later. His heart would demand its right. That school-boy love of which he had told her when Desiree came to live with them—this paternal liking for the child of Hortense—were trifles which gave her no uneasiness.

For the first time since leaving the paternal roof, Arnim had kept the Christmas feast. Desiree, who had for long weeks been full of secrets, prepared the Christmas tree, laden with inexpensive gifts, most of them the work of her skillful fingers.

When the doctor, with a warm pressure of the hand, and in a voice choked with emotion, tried to express that gratitude for which words were too poor, she said:

"The thanks are all on my side. You have given me a home. Never, since my mother's death, have I been so happy, so free from care, as now. Where shall I be next Christmas? I often ask myself. I can not be so distant from you that my thoughts will not center in this dear refuge."

"God willing, you will be here, Desiree," replied the doctor. "Your studies are only just begun."

Spring came earlier and more radiant than ever, so thought teacher and pupil. The garden threw off its win-

THE AFTERNOON COFFEE.

ter robe, and appeared fresh and fair as a youthful beauty in her first ball dress. The nightingales sang amid the flowers, the syringas and lilacs poured forth intoxicating perfumes, the narcissus, with its great child-like eyes, gazed out into the blossoming world. The forests, clothed in tender green, were vocal with bird songs; and the drowsy hum of butterflies and beetles, seemingly drunken with the very delight of existence. When nature thus moved to her fair domain, who could remain within four narrow walls?

The goal of Arnim's and Desiree's wanderings was mostly that little rustic temple on the hill-top which, with Ivan's help, had been very prettily fitted up. Here Arnim often took his afternoon coffee or his glass of light wine—here the two had their little suppers, Desiree acting as hostess. Here with her work in hand she sat in a window recess while the doctor read to her. The tangled tresses of the maiden-hair, blent with the rich sprays of the cypress, touched the luxuriant hair of the young girl's head as it bent over her work, or at some fine passage was lifted that the beaming eyes might express the delight for which words were too poor.

Arnim feared that Marianne might discover these little feasts, and abruptly end them. Absorbed in her own pursuits, she was not included in their division of the day. He often gazed down the path, for the short, rotund figure in the large garden-hat, and the dress carefully caught up that it might escape the ground. But to his relief, no Marianne ever came.

"Do you know what my mother always called me?" asked Desiree one day, as they walked slowly homeward.

"How should I know?"

"'*Papillon*'—that is French for butterfly. It would seem so like old times if you would call me by that name."

"I will, my child, since the name so well suits your brightness and mobility. But this constant semblance of flight alarms me. Have you grown tired of this place? Is it too lonely for you? Does Marianne annoy you by her exactions? Tell me frankly."

He paused and gazed down upon the airy figure in the pink dress. She had thrown off her light summer hat—the breeze waved back the curls from her forehead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROGRESS AT WALTHAM.

The American Watch Company seem determined to maintain the proud position they have long occupied among manufacturers of pocket timepieces. During an interview the other day with a representative of Robbins & Appleton, he said: "We have a number of novelties that ought to be worthy of your attention, and in fact of the trade in general. During the year 1886, we have had a steadily-increasing demand for our better class of goods. This is owing to the very great improvements which have therein been accomplished. For instance, all the watches fitted with our patent Breguet hair-spring have met with special favor, because of the great amount of extra quality which this hair-spring imparts to the goods. The company seem to have pursued the policy of not increasing the quantity of their lowest-priced goods, but rather of putting the better and medium grades at figures which bring them within the reach of a very limited purse, and enable dealers with very limited capital to lay in an assorted stock of good-quality goods of great popularity. The Bartlett watch may be taken as an example. Here is a movement equipped with all that can possibly be put into a watch to make it a thorough time-keeper, and its price is fabulously low. An English watchmaker recently took one of these Bartlett movements of the new model, examined it carefully, and quietly put it together with the remark: 'This movement is worth £9.' Yet it is sold for nearly as many dollars.

"We have turned out some very fine work in the way of beautifying the appearance of the watch, both in nickel frosting and raying, which never had been done before. These processes permit an almost endless variety of designs and patterns which adapt themselves beautifully to the shape of the watch-plate.

"The chief novelty with which the company start out this year is their one-size watch—the smallest and thinnest, as well as the finest, ladies' watch ever made in this country. The diameter of its dial is just the size of a half-dollar piece. The train is made of gold; the jewel-settings likewise; and the jewels themselves are faultless rubies of the darkest color. The watch is thoroughly adjusted, and capable of the very finest time-keeping. Its price is very moderate—indeed, considering the extra fine quality and superior finish, it is wonderfully low.

"Another novelty is the 'Waltham Minute Register Chronograph.' This watch is so constructed as to show by means of a diminutive dial-bit and special hand the minutes during which the long fifth-second hand revolves." Here my informant exhibited the operation of the chronograph. The long fifth-second hand and the small special hand are normally stationary at 12, or zero. By pressing the stem, both hands are started, the small hand recording successive minutes up to fifteen. At any moment both hands may be stopped, and another motion sends them back to zero. "This device is especially useful to sportsmen, scientists, physicians, engineers, machinists, etc. The same attachment is applied to the Waltham split-seconds chronograph, making it the most durable watch of the kind, inasmuch as the mechanism is very simple and almost indestructible. The Waltham chronograph is made in the first place to be an accurate time-keeper, built on the model of the company's finest 14-size watch. On top of this movement, and without complicating it, the chronograph attachment is fastened, thus clearly exposing to view the entire chronograph apparatus. The plainest country watchmaker can take the attachment apart and set it together again without trouble. A Swiss watchmaker recently remarked that nobody would have dreamed ten years ago that the Americans would ever be able to make any so-called complicated time-keepers, and that they really do not make them; but they obtained watches that had the most exact and minute time-keeping on a much simpler construction. As a consequence, the American watch is more reliable, less costly to produce, and certainly without expense to keep in thorough-going order.

"The company have added several grades of six-size watches to their list, which they will be able to put on the market in the neighborhood of March 1. This will make eight different qualities of six-size movements, which, with the various cases—hunting and open-face, gold, silver and aluminine—with an almost endless variety of ladies' watches, afford a range of choice from the cheapest limit at which a gold watch may be expected to the diamond-studded watch for the millionaire's wife. During the year 1886 we have added two new grades of sixteen-size watches, which really make that part of the assortment a surprising one. Sixteen-size watches of the Waltham pattern have always been considered a very dear watch to make; but it seems that the increase in the product has enabled the company to amplify the line by the addition of the Riverside grades. The most satisfactory line of our goods is that of the patent dust-proof silver open-face cases, which are the most popular of the kind. For strength, simplicity of construction and durability these cases stand unexcelled, and even unapproached.

"Our daily product now is 1,250 watches, and in case the demand should warrant it the output could easily be increased at comparatively short notice."—*St. Louis Jeweler.*

—At a recent trial of bloodhounds at the convict camp at Friars' Point, Miss., a negro under ten years' sentence was released and told that he could have his liberty if he escaped the dogs. The convict had three hours' start, but the dogs ran the poor fellow down before he had gone twenty miles.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A crowded horse-car. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey, with a jug. Mr. Mahoney, who is seated, facetiously—"Wud I hould the whisky fur yez, Mistress Mulcahey?" Mrs. M. (with withering sarcasm)—"Thank yez kindly, sor, but ye have all ye can hould now, I'm thinking."—*Albany Argus.*

—An ordinance was recently passed by the San Jose, Cal., council declaring Chinatown a nuisance, and directing the city attorney to take steps, "legal or otherwise," to have it removed and abated.

—"Mamma," said a little boy, "is that woman across the way very green?" "No, my child, why do you ask such a question?" "Because I heard you say she was a grass widow."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A LENIENT VERDICT.

An Assertion That the Jury in the Watt-Schwartz Case Erred, if at All, on the Side of Mercy to the Culprits.

Commenting on the verdict of imprisonment for life pronounced by the jury against the prisoners on trial for the murder of Express Messenger Nichols, the Chicago *Herald* says:

It was the instant and unanimous verdict of the jury that tried Watt and Schwartz that both were guilty of the atrocious murder of Kellogg Nichols. Such a conviction was forced, probably, upon the minds of most persons who followed the trial as reported in the newspapers. The verdict was imprisonment for life. If these men were guilty the death penalty might more properly have been pronounced upon them, for the killing of a brave man engaged in the faithful performance of a duty, defending his trust fearlessly and aggressively until stricken down by vulgar robbers who, for protection, probably, from the consequences of their crime, became assassins, was not only an actrocious, it was also a despicable crime. The mere robbery would have justified the imposition of a long term of imprisonment upon the offenders. The crime deepened into murder, is not sufficiently condemned, the assassins are not adequately punished, short of the gibbet. It is odd, then, that where there was such unanimity of conclusion as to the guilt of the accused and a sentence which might be regarded as merciful under the circumstances, any suggestion should be offered that the punishment named by the jury is extreme. The prisoners are entitled to the usual review, but upon the finding of their guilt, a finding generally conceded to accord with the fact, they are entitled to no consideration whatever. If guilty, they may thank their stars that the jury has been so lenient as to give them a life sentence.

The case seems to have been fairly tried. The State was zealous and indefatigable. The defense was the strongest that could be made. It is highly improbable that the jury has erred. To seek sympathy for the prisoners while admitting their guilt is ridiculous. In the horrible crime there wasn't a single mitigating circumstance.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Personal Appearance of the Unfortunate Rival of Elizabeth.

Her complexion, though likened by Brantome to alabaster and ivory, does not seem to have possessed the clearness and brilliancy which the comparison implies; for Sir James Melville, though anxious to vindicate his Queen's claim to be considered "very lovely" and "the fairest lady in her country," acknowledged that she was less "white" than Elizabeth. The brightness of her eyes, which Brantome likened to stars and Chastelard to beacons, has not been questioned; but their color is a point about which there is less unanimity, opinions varying between hazel and dark gray. As regards her hair, the discrepancy of contemporary authorities is even greater. Brantome and Ronsard describe a wealth of golden hair, and this is to a certain extent confirmed by Sir James Melville, who, when called upon by Elizabeth to pronounce whether his Queen's hair was fairer than her own, answered that "the fairnes of them baith was not their worst faltes." To this, however, must be opposed the testimony of Nicholas White, who, writing to Cecil in 1563, described the Queen as black haired. The explanation of this may possibly lie in Mary's compliance with the fashion, introduced about this time, of wearing wigs. Indeed, Knollys informed White that she wore "hair of sundry colors," and, in a letter to Cecil, praised the skill with which Mary Seton—"the finest busker of hair to be seen in any country"—did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a perewyke, that showed very delicately."

According to one account, the Queen of Scots wore black, according to another, auburn ringlets on the morning of her execution. Both, however, agree in this, that when the false covering fell she "appeared as gay as if she had been sixty and ten years old."

Mary's hand was white, but not small, the long, tapering fingers mentioned by Brantome being, indeed, a characteristic of some of her portraits. She was of tall stature, taller than Elizabeth, which made the Queen of England pronouce her cousin to be too tall, she herself being, according to her own standard, "neither too high nor too low." Her voice was irresistibly soft and sweet. Not only does Brantome extol it as "tres douce et tres bonne," and Ronsard poetically celebrate it as capable of moving rocks and woods, but Knox, although ungraciously and unwillingly, also testifies to its charms. He informs us that at one of her Parliaments the Queen made a "paynted orison," and that, on this occasion, "thair mycht have been hard among hir flatterlas, 'Vox Dianæ!' The voice of a goddess (for it could not be Dei) and not of a woman! God save the sweet face! Was thair ever oratour spack so properlie and so sweetlie!"—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

—When the Boston & Providence railroad was built, the opposition to railroads was so great that location for it was refused throught the principal villages. They might have been made stations, but did not choose to be. So the old road does not touch the old villages of Dedham, Canton, Stoughton, Foxborough or Attleborough. Rival villages have of course grown up around the stations in those towns, and branches have been run to the other villages.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Miss Anne Oppenheim argues that hair is animal matter, and therefore concludes that bald-headed men are the most intellectual, "they having, through the exertion of their brains, exhausted all that is animal in their nature." This explodes the prevalent rumor that bald-headed men are invariably married to women with high tempers and nimble fingers.

—United States spend $135,000,000 annually for foreign sugar. Is not this the strongest argument that could be offered for encouraging and fostering beet, cane and sorghum manufactures in this country?—*N. Y. Observer.*